

Christian Intelligencer.

“WERE ONCE THESE MAXIMS FIXED—THAT GOD’S OUR FRIEND, VIRTUE OUR GOOD, AND HAPPINESS OUR END, HOW SOON MUST REASON O’ER THE WORLD PREVAIL, AND ERROR, FRAUD AND SUPERSTITION FAIL.”

Vol. XV.

Gardiner, Maine, Friday, May 8, 1825.

New Series, Vol. IX—No. 19.

PRINTED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING BY
P. SHELTON,
PROPRIETOR.
WILLIAM A. DREW, Editor.

TERMS.—Two dollars per annum, payable in advance. If payment be delayed more than six months from the commencement of an annual subscription, two dollars and fifty cents will be considered the price and accordingly required.

Subscribers in all cases are considered as continuing their subscription unless all arrears are paid up and a discontinuance expressly ordered, and no papers will be discontinued (except at the discretion of the publisher) while any arrears remain unpaid.

All letters relating to the business concerns of the paper must be addressed to the Printer at Gardiner, but communications intended for publication should be addressed to the Editor at Augusta.

N. B. All letters to the Printer or Editor must be post paid.

Any person procuring six good subscribers and becoming responsible for them shall be entitled to a second copy, as long as the subscribers continue, and a like proportion for a smaller or larger number.

[We are not so certain that the following was designed as an offset to Rev. G. B. Cheever’s imaginings, as we are that it has an awful squinting at autodox night-meetings, and other pious mal-practices. Barring one or two things, it is a tale as well told as any we have seen these many days. We copy it from the Philadelphia U. S. Gazette, in which paper we find it credited to that highly talented and popular periodical—the New England Magazine—published by Mr. Buckingham in Boston.]

YOUNG GOODMAN BROWN.

By the Author of “The Gray Champion.”

Young Goodman Brown came forth, at sunset, into the street of Salem village, but put his head back, after crossing the threshold, to exchange a parting kiss with his young wife. And Faith, as the wife was aptly named, thrust her own pretty head into the street, letting the wind play with the pink ribbons of her cap, while she called to Goodman Brown.

“Dearest heart,” whispered she, softly and rather sadly, when her lips were close to his ear, “pr’y thee, put off your journey until sunrise, and sleep in your own bed to-night. A lone woman is troubled with such dreams, and such thoughts, that she’s afraid of herself, sometimes. Pray, tarry with me this night, dear husband, of all nights in the year!”

“My love, and my Faith,” replied young Goodman Brown, “of all nights in the year, this one night must I tarry away from thee. My journey, as thou callest it, forth and back again, must needs be done ’twixt now and sunrise. What, my dear, pretty wife, dost thou doubt me already, and we but three months married?”

“Then, God bless you!” said Faith, with the pink ribbons, “and may you find all well, when you come back.”

“Amen,” cried Goodman Brown. “Say thy prayers, dear Faith, and go to bed at dusk, and no harm will come to thee.”

So they parted; and the young man pursued his way, until, being about to turn the corner by the meeting-house, he looked back and saw the head of Faith still peeping after him, with a melancholy air, in spite of her pink ribbons.

“Poor little Faith!” thought he, for his heart smote him. “What a wretch am I, to leave her on such an errand! She talks of dreams, too. Methought, as she spoke, there was trouble in her face, as if a dream had warned her what work it is to be done to-night. But, no, no!—twould kill her to think it. Well: she’s a blessed angel on earth; and after this one night, I’ll cling to her skirts and follow her to Heaven.”

With this excellent resolve for the future, Goodman Brown felt himself justified in making more haste on his present evil purpose. He had taken a dreary road, darkened by all the gloomiest trees of the forest, which barely stood aside to let the narrow path creep through, and closed immediately behind. It was all as lonely as could be; and there is this peculiarity in such a solitude, that the traveller knows not who may be concealed by the innumerable trunks and the thick boughs overhead; so that, with lonely footsteps, he may yet be passing through an unseen multitude.

“There may be a devilish Indian behind every tree,” said Goodman Brown to himself; and he glanced fearfully behind him, as he added, “What if the devil himself should be at my very elbow?”

His head being turned back, he passed a crook of the road, and looking forward again, beheld the figure of a man, in grave and decent attire, seated at the foot of an old tree. He arose, at Goodman Brown’s approach, and walked onward, side by side with him.

“You are late, Goodman Brown,” said he. “The clock of the Old South was striking as I came through Boston; and that is full fifteen minutes ago.”

Two were journeying. As nearly as could be discerned, the second traveller was about fifty years old, apparently in the same rank of life as Goodman Brown, and bearing a considerable resemblance to him, though perhaps more in expression than features. Still they might have been taken for father and son. And yet though the elder person was as simply clad as the younger, and as simple in manner too, he had an indescribable air of one who knew the world, and would not have felt abashed at the governor’s dinner-table, or in king William’s court, were it possible that his affairs should call him thither. But the only thing about him, that could be fixed upon as remarkable, was his staff, which bore the likeness of a great black snake, so curiously wrought, that it might almost be seen to twist and wriggle itself, like a living serpent. This, of course, must have been an ocular deception, assisted by the uncertain light.

“Come, Goodman Brown!” cried his fellow traveller, “this is a dull pace for the beginning of a journey. Take my staff, if you are so soon weary.”

“Friend,” said the other, exchanging his slow pace for a full stop, “having kept my covenant by meeting thee here, it is my purpose now to return from whence I came. I have scruples, touching the matter thou’st of.”

“Sayest thou so?” replied he of the serpent, smiling apart. “Let us walk on, nevertheless, reasoning as we go, and if I convince thee not, thou shalt turn back. We are but a little way in the forest, yet.”

“Too far, too far!” exclaimed the good man unconsciously reclaiming his walk. “My father never went into the woods on such an errand, nor his father before him. We have been a race of honest men and good Christians, since the days of the martyrs. And shall I be the first of the name of Brown, that ever took this path and kept—?”

“Such company, thou wouldst say,” observed the elder person, interpreting his pause. “Good Goodman Brown! I have been as well acquainted with your family as with ever a one among the Puritans; and that’s no trifle to say. I helped your grandfather, the constable, when he lashed the Quaker woman so smartly through the streets of Salem. And it was I that brought your father a pitch-pine knot, kindled at my own hearth to set fire to an Indian village, in King Phillip’s war. They were my good friends, both; and many a pleasant walk have we had along this path, and returned merrily after midnight. I would fain be friends with you, for their sake.”

“If it be as thou sayest,” replied Goodman Brown, “I marvel they never spoke of these matters. Or, verily, I marvel not, seeing that the least rumor of the sort would have driven them from New England. We are a people of prayer, and good works, to boot, and abide no such wickedness.”

“Wickedness or not,” said the traveller with the twisted staff, “I have a very general acquaintance here in New England. The deacons of many a church have drunk the communion with me;—the selectmen, or divers townsmen, make me their chairman; and a majority of the Great and General Court are firm supporters of my interest. The governor and I, too—but these are state secrets.”

“Can this be so?” cried Goodman Brown, with a state of amazement at his undisturbed companion. “Howbeit, I have nothing to do with the governor and council; they have their own ways, and are no rule for a simple husbandman like me. But, were I to go on with thee, how should I meet the eye of that good old man, our minister, at Salem village? Oh, his voice would make me tremble both Sabbath-day and lecture-day.”

Thus far, the elder traveller had listened with due gravity, but now burst into a fit of irrepressible mirth, shaking himself so violently, that his snake-like staff actually seemed to wriggle in sympathy.

“Ha! ha! ha!” shouted he, again and again; then composing himself, “Well, go on, Goodman Brown, go on; but, pr’y thee, don’t kill me with laughing!”

“Well, then, to end the matter at once,” said Goodman Brown, considerably nettled, “there is my wife, Faith. It break her dear little heart; and I’d rather break my own!”

“Ay, if that be the case,” answered the other, “even go thy ways, Goodman Brown. I would not, for twenty old women like the one hobbling before us, that Faith should come to any harm.”

As he spoke, he pointed his staff at a female figure on the path, in whom Goodman Brown recognized a very pious and exemplary dame, who had taught him his catechism, in youth, and was still his moral and spiritual adviser, jointly with the minister and deacon Gookin.

“A marvel, truly, that Goody Cloyse should be so far in the wilderness, at night-fall!” said he. “But with your leave, friends, I shall take a cut through the woods until we have left this Christian woman behind. Being a stranger

to you, she might ask whom I was conversing with, and whither I was going. ‘Be it so,’ said his fellow traveller. ‘Betake you to the woods, and let me keep the path.’

Accordingly the young man turned aside, but took care to watch his companion, who advanced softly along the road, until he had come within a staff’s length of the old dame. She, meanwhile, was making the best of her way, with singular speed for so aged a woman, and mumbling some indistinct words, a prayer, doubtless, as she went. The traveller put forth his staff and touched her withered neck with what seemed the serpent’s tail.

“The devil!” screamed the pious old lady.

“Then Goody Cloyse knows her old friend!” observed the traveller, confronting her, and leaning on his wretched stick!

“Ah, forsooth, and is it your worship, indeed?” cried the good dame. “Yea, truly it is, and in the very image of my old gossip, Goodman Brown, the grandfather of the silly fellow that now is.”

“But, would your worship believe it? my broomstick hath strangely disappeared, stolen, as I suspect, by that unhunged witch, Goody Cory, and that, too, when I was all annotated with the juice of smallage, and cinquefoil, and wolbane—?”

“Mingled with fine wheat and the fat of a new born babe,” said the shape of old Goodman Brown.

“Ah, your worship knows the receipt,” cried the old lady, cackling aloud. “So, as I was saying, being all ready for the meeting, and no horse to ride on, I made up my mind to foot it, for they tell me there is a nice young man to be taken into communion. But now your good worship will lend me your arm, and we shall be there in a twinkling.”

“That can hardly be,” answered her friend. “I may not spare you my arm, Goody Cloyse, but here is my staff, if you will.”

So saying, he threw it down at her feet, where, perhaps, it assumed life, being one of the rods which its owner had formerly lent to the Egyptian Magi. Of this fact, however, Goodman Brown could not take cognizance. He had cast up his eyes in astonishment, and looking down again, beheld neither Goody Cloyse nor the serpentine staff, but his redoubtable traveller alone, who waited for him as calmly as if nothing had happened.

“That old woman taught me my catechism!” said the young man; and there was a world of meaning in this simple comment.

They continued to walk onward, while the elder traveller exhorted his companion to make good speed and persevere in the path, discoursing so aptly, that his arguments seemed rather to spring up in the bosom of his auditor, than to be suggested by himself. As they went, he plucked a branch of maple, to serve for a walking stick, and began to strip it of the twigs and little boughs, which were wet with evening dew. The moment his fingers touched them, they became strangely withered and dried up, as with a week’s sunshine. Thus the pair proceeded, at a good free pace, until suddenly, in a gloomy hollow of the road, Goodman Brown sat himself down on the stump of a tree, and refused to go any farther.

“Friend,” said he, stubbornly, “my mind is made up. Not another step will I budge on this errand. What if a wretched old woman do choose to go to the devil, when I thought she was going to Heaven! Is that any reason why I should quit my dear Faith and go after her?”

“You will think better of this, by-and-by,” said his acquaintance, composedly. “Sit here and rest yourself awhile; and when you feel like moving again, there is my staff to help you along.”

Without more words, he threw his companion the maple stick, and was speedily out of sight, as if he had vanished into the deepening gloom. The young man sat a few moments, by the roadside, applauding himself greatly, and thinking with how clear a conscience he should meet the minister, in his morning walk, nor shrink from the eye of good old Deacon Gookin. And what calm sleep would be his, that very night which was to have been spent so wickedly, but purely and sweetly now, in the arms of Faith! Amidst these pleasant and praiseworthy meditations, Goodman Brown heard the tramp of horses along the road, and deemed it advisable to conceal himself within the verge of the forest, conscious of the guilty purpose which had brought him thither, though now so happily turned from it.

On came the hoof tramps and the voices of the riders, two grave old voices, conversing soberly as they drew near. These mingled sounds appeared to pass along the road, within a few yards of the traveller, and he saw the figures of the riders, but their steeds were visible. Tho’

their figures brushed the small boughs by the way side, it could not be seen that they intercepted, even for a moment, the faint gleam from the strip of bright sky, athwart which they must have passed. Goodman Brown alternately crouched and stood on tip-toe, pulling aside the branches, and thrusting forth his head as far as he durst, without discerning so much as a shadow. It vexed him the more, because he could have sworn, were such a thing possible, that he recognized the voices of the minister and deacon Gookin, jogging along quietly, as they were wont to do, when bound to some ordination or ecclesiastical council. While yet within hearing, one of the riders stopped to pluck a switch.

“Of the two, reverend Sir,” said the voice like the deacon’s, “I had rather miss an ordination-dinner than to-night’s meeting. They tell me that some of our community are to be here from Falmouth and beyond, and others from Connecticut and Rhode Island; besides several of the Indian powows, who, after their fashion, know almost as much devilry as the best of us. Moreover, there is a goodly young woman to be taken into communion.”

“Mighty well, deacon Gookin!” replied the solemn old tones of the minister. “Spur up, or we shall be late. Nothing can be done, you know, until I get on the ground.”

The hoofs clattered again, and the voices, talking so strangely in the empty air, passed on through the forest, where no church had ever been gathered, nor solitary Christian prayed. Whither, then, could these holy men be journeying, so deep into the heathen wilderness? Young Goodman Brown caught hold of a tree, for support, being ready to sink down on the ground, faint and overburdened with the heavy sickness of his heart. He looked up to the sky, doubting whether there really was a Heaven above him. Yet, there was the blue arch, and the stars brightening in it.

“With Heaven above, and Faith below, I will yet stand firm against the devil!” cried Goodman Brown.

While he still gazed upward, into the deep arch of the firmament, and had lifted his hands to pray, a cloud, though no wind was stirring, hurried across the zenith, and hid the brightening stars. The blue sky was still visible, except directly overhead, where this black mass of cloud was sweeping swiftly northward. Aloft in the air, as if from the depths of the cloud, came a confused and doubtful sound of voices. Once, the listener fancied that he could distinguish the accents of town’s-people of his own men and women, both pious and ungodly, many of whom he had met at the communion table, and had seen others rioting at the tavern. The next moment—so indistinct were the sounds—he doubted whether he had heard ought but the murmur of the old forest, whispering without a wind. Then came a stronger swell of those familiar tones, heard daily in the sunshine, at Salem village, but never, until now, from a cloud of night.

There was one voice, of a young woman, uttering lamentations, yet with an uncertain sorrow, and entreating for some favor, which, perhaps, it would grieve her to obtain. And all the unseen multitude, both saints and sinners, seemed to encourage her onward.

“Faith!” shouted Goodman Brown, in a voice of agony and desperation; and the echoes of the forest mocked him, crying—“Faith! Faith!”—as if bewildered wretches were seeking her, all through the wilderness.

The cry of grief, rage, and terror, was yet piercing the night, when the unhappy husband held his breath for a response. There was a scream, drowned immediately in a louder murmur of voices, fading into far-off laughter, as the dark cloud swept away, leaving the clear and silent sky above Goodman Brown. But something fluttered lightly down through the air, and caught on the branch of a tree. The young man seized it, and beheld a pink ribbon.

“My Faith is gone!” cried he, after one stupefied moment. “There is no good on earth; and sin is but a name. Come, devil! for to thee is this world given.”

And maddened with despair, so that he laughed loud and long, did Goodman Brown grasp his staff and set forth again, at such a rate, that he seemed to fly along the forest-path, rather than to walk, or run. The road grew wilder and dearer, and more faintly traced, and vanished at length, leaving him in the heart of the wilderness, still rushing onward, with the instinct that guides mortal man to evil. The whole forest was peopled with frightful sounds; the creaking of the trees, the howling of wild beasts, and the yell of Indians; while, sometimes, the wind tolled like a distant church-bell, and sometimes gave a broad roar around the traveller, as if all Nature were laughing him to scorn. But he was himself the chief horror of the scene and shrink not from its other horrors.

“Ha! ha! ha!” roared Goodman Brown when the wind laughed at him. “Let us

hear which will laugh loudest! Think not to frighten me with your devilry! Come witch, come wizard, come Indian powow, come devil himself! and here comes Goodman Brown. You may as well fear him as he fear you!”

In truth, all through the haunted forest, there could be nothing more frightful than the figure of Goodman Brown. On he flew, among the black pines, brandishing his staff with frenzied gestures, now giving vent to an inspiration of horrid blasphemy, and now shouting forth such laughter, as set all the echoes of the forest laughing, like demons around him. The fiend in his own shape is less hideous, than when he rages in the breast of man. Thus sped the demoniac on his course, until, quivering among the trees, he saw a red light before him, as when the felled trunks and branches of a clearing have been set on fire, and throw up their lurid blaze against the sky, at the hour of midnight. He paused, in a lull of the tempest that had driven him onward, and heard the swell of what seemed a hymn, rolling solemnly from a distance, with the weight of many voices. He knew the tune; it was a familiar one in the choir of the village meeting-house. The verse died heavily away, and was lengthened by a chorus, not of human voices, but of all the sounds of the benighted wilderness, pealing in awful harmony together. Goodman Brown cried out; and his cry was lost to his own ear, by its union with the cry of the desert.

In the interval of silence, he stole forward, until the light glared full upon his eyes. At one extremity of an open space hemmed in by the dark wall of the forest, arose a rock, bearing some rude, natural resemblance either to an altar or a pulpit, and surrounded by four blazing pines their tops a flame, their stems untouched, like candles at an evening meeting. The mass of foliage, that had overgrown the summit of the rock, was all on fire, blazing high into the night, and fitfully illuminating the whole field. Each pendent twig and leafy festoon was in a blaze. As the red light arose and fell, a numerous congregation alternately shone forth, then disappeared in shadow, and again grew, as it were, out of the darkness, peopling the heart of the solitary woods at once.

“A grave and dark-clad company!”—quoth Goodman Brown.

In truth, they were such. Among them, quivering to-and-fro, between gloom and splendor, appeared faces that would be seen, next day, at the council-board of the province, and others which, Sabbath after Sabbath, looked devoutly heavenward, and benignantly over the crowded pews, from the holiest pulpits in the land. Some affirm, that the lady of the governor was there. At least, there were high dames well known to her, and wives of honored husbands, and widows, a great multitude, and ancient maidens, all of excellent repute, and fair young girls, who trembled, lest their mothers should espy them. Either the sudden gleams of light, flashing over the obscure field, bedazzled Goodman Brown, or he recognised a score of the church members of Salem village, famous for their especial sanctity. Good old deacon Gookin had arrived, and waited at the skirts of that venerable saint, his revered pastor. But, irreverently consorting with these grave, reputable, and pious people, these elders of the church, these chaste dames and dewy virgins, there were men of dissolute lives and women of spotted fame, wretches given over to all mean and filthy vice, and suspected even of horrid crimes. It was strange to see, that the good shrank not from the wicked, nor were the sinners abashed by the saints. Scattered, also, among their pale-faced enemies, were the Indian priests, or powows, who had often scared their native forest with more hideous incantations than any known to English witchcraft.

“But, where is Faith?” thought Goodman Brown; and, as hope came into his heart, he trembled.

Another verse of the hymn arose, a slow and solemn strain, such as the pious love, but joined to words which expressed all that our nature can conceive of sin, and darkly hinted at far more. Unfathomable to mere mortals is the lore of friends. Verse after verse was sung, and still the chorus of the desert swelled between, like the deepest tone of a mighty organ. And, with the final peal of that dreadful anthem, there came a sound, as if the roaring wind, the rushing streams, the howling beasts, and every other voice of the unconverted wilderness, were mingling and according with the voice of guilty man, in homage to the prince of all. The four blazing pines threw up a loftier flame, and obscurely discovered shapes and visages of horror on the smoke wreaths above the impious assembly. At the same moment, the fire on the rock, shot redly forth, and formed a glowing arch above its base, where now appeared a figure. With reverence be it spoken, the apparition bore no slight similitude, both in

garb and manner to some grave divine of the New England churches.

"Bring forth the converts!" cried a voice, that echoed through the field and rolled into the forest.

At the word, Goodman Brown stepped forth from the shadow of the trees, and approached the congregation, with whom he felt a faithful brotherhood, by the sympathy of all that was wicked in his heart. He could have well sworn, that the shape of his own dead father beckoned him to advance, looking downward from a smoke wreath, while a woman, with dim features of despair, threw out her hand to warn him back. Was it his mother? But he had no power to retreat one step, nor to resist, even in thought, when the minister and good old deacon Gookin seized his arms, and led him to the blazing rock. Thither came also the slender form of a veiled female, led between Goody Cloyse, that pious teacher of the catechism, and Martha Carrier, who had received the devil's promise to be queen of hell. A rampant hag was she! And there stood the proselytes, beneath the canopy of fire.

"Welcome, my children," said the dark figure, "to the communion of your grave! Ye have found, thus young, your nature and your destiny! My children, look behind you!"

"They turned; and flashing forth, as it were, in a sheet of flame, the fiend worshippers were seen; the smile of welcome gleamed darkly on every visage.

"There," resumed the sable form, "are all whom ye have revered from youth. Ye deemed them holier than yourselves, and shrank from your own sin, contrasting it with their lives of righteousness, and prayerful aspirations heavenward. Yet, here are they all, in my worshipping assembly! This night it shall be granted you to know their secret deeds; how hoary-headed elders of the church have whispered wanton words to the young maids of their households; how many a woman, eager for widow's weeds, has given her husband a drink at bed-time, and let him sleep his last sleep in her bosom; how heedless youths have made haste to inherit their father's wealth; and how fair damsels—blush not, sweet ones!—have dug little graves in the garden, and bidden me, the sole guest, to an infant's funeral. By the sympathy of human hearts for sin, ye shall scent out all the places—whether in church, bed-chamber, street, field or forest—when crime has been committed, and shall exult to behold the whole earth one stain of guilt, one mighty blood spot. Far more than this!—It shall be yours to penetrate, in every bosom, the deep mystery of sin, the fountain of all wicked hearts, and which, inexhaustibly, supplies more evil impulses than human power—than my power, at its utmost, can make manifest in deeds. And now, my children, look upon each other."

"They did so; and by the blaze of the hell kindled torches, the wretched man beheld his Faith, and the wife her husband, trembling before that unhallowed altar.

"Lo! there ye stand, my children," said the figure, in a deep and solemn tone, almost sad with its despairing awfulness, as if his once angelic nature, could yet mourn for our miserable race. "Depending upon one another's hearts ye had still hoped that virtue were not all a dream. Now, are ye undeceived? Evil is the nature of mankind. Evil must be your only happiness. Welcome, again, my children to the communion of your race!"

"Welcome," repeated the fiend worshippers, in one cry of despair and triumph.

And there they stood, the only pair, as it seemed, who were yet hesitating on the verge of wickedness, in this dark world. A basin was hollowed, naturally, in the rock. Did it contain water, reddened by the lurid light? Or was it blood?—or, perchance, a liquid flame? Herein did the shape of evil dip his hand, and prepare to lay the mark of baptism upon their foreheads, that they might be partakers of the mystery of sin, more conscious of the secret guilt of others, both in deed and thought, than they could now be of their own. The husband cast one look at his pale wife, and Faith at him. What polluted wretches would the next glance shew them to each other, shuddering alike at what they disclosed, and what they saw!

"Faith! Faith!" cried the husband, "look to Heaven and resist the Wicked One!" Whether Faith obeyed, he knew not. Hardly had he spoken, when he found himself amid calm night and solitude, listening to a roar of the wind, which died heavily away through the forest. He staggered against the rock and felt it chill and damp, while a hanging twig, that had been all on fire, besprinkled his cheek with the coldest dew.

The next morning young Goodman Brown came slowly into the street of Salem village, staring around him like a bewildered man. The good old minister was taking a walk along the grave-yard, to get an appetite for breakfast and meditate his sermon, and bestowed a blessing, as he passed, on Goodman Brown. He shrank from the venerable saint, as if to avoid an anathema. Old deacon Gookin was at domestic worship, and the holy words of his prayer were heard through the open window. "What God doth the wizard pray to?" quoth Goodman Brown. Goody Cloyse, that excellent old Christian, stood in the early sunshine, at her own lattice, catechising a little girl, who had brought her a pint of morning's milk. Goodman Brown snatched away the child, as from the grasp of the fiend himself. Turning the corner by the meeting-house, he espied the head of Faith, with the pink ribbons, gazing anxiously forth, and bursting into such joy at sight of him, that she skipped along the street, and almost kissed her husband before the whole village. But Goodman Brown looked sternly and sadly into her face, and passed on without a greeting.

Had Goodman Brown fallen asleep in the forest, and only dreamed a wild dream of a witch-meeting?

Be it so, if you will. But, alas! it was a dream of evil omen for young Goodman Brown. A stern, a sad, a darkly meditative, a distrustful, if not a desperate man, did he become from the night of that fearful dream. On the Sabbath-day, when the congregation were singing a holy psalm, he could not listen, because an anthem of sin rushed loudly upon his ear, and drowned all the blessed strain. When the minister spoke from the pulpit, with power and fervid

eloquence, and, with his hand on the open bible, of the sacred truths of our religion, and of saint-like lives and triumphant deaths, and of future bliss or misery unutterable, then did Goodman Brown turn pale, dreading lest the very roof should thunder down upon the gray blasphemer and his hearers. Often, awaking suddenly at midnight, he shrank from the bosom of Faith, and at morning or eventide, when the family knelt down at prayer, he scowled, and muttered to himself, and gazed sternly at his wife, and turned away. And when he had lived long, and was borne to his grave a hoary corpse, followed by Faith, an aged woman, and children and grand-children, a goodly procession, besides neighbors, not a few, they carved no hopeful verse upon his tomb-stone; for his dying hour was gloom.

CHRISTIAN INTELLIGENCER.

— "And truth diffuse her radiance from the Press."

GARDINER, MAY 8, 1835.

MISSIONS.

The doctrine, on which modern missions to the heathen are founded, is truly horrible, and inevitably involves consequences which we should think must lead all honest people to discard that doctrine altogether. The doctrine is no less than this, that without such preaching as the missionaries carry to them, the heathen, dying in their present ignorance, are lost to all eternity. That there is, and can be, no salvation without a knowledge of the Gospel in this life, an experience of the new birth as produced by revival operations, and a practice corresponding thereto, is a sentiment held and taught as a fundamental principle amongst all Unitarian sects. This is the ground work of all their operations at home and abroad. Indeed, nothing is more common than to witness in the addresses and other articles designed to inculcate a missionary spirit, the declaration over and over again, that the heathen are perishing and going to hell in a mass, in consequence of their ignorance of the gospel; and we have seen statements exactly made out containing the precise number, as near as can be calculated who yearly, daily and hourly drop into the fires of hell for the want of missionaries. We take it, that a belief in such facts, laying at the bottom of missionary operations, will not be denied.

Now we do not deny the value, the inestimable value of the Gospel, to the heathen. We believe its promulgation and reception in all pagan nations would be the very best blessing they could receive, as it would exalt their now highly debased minds, improve the hearts, correct the errors, regulate the lives, and beget the most purifying hopes amongst them. But these are not the considerations which induce modern missions. The Missionary is sent forth to save them from hell. Now look at this doctrine a moment, and see the consequences to which it must lead. It appears then, that God has created millions upon millions of human beings upon the face of the earth "from Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand," has withheld from them, or never sent them the light of the Gospel, and because they are thus ignorant of the way of salvation, an ignorance for which they cannot be to blame, he will send them as fast as they die, to the lake which burneth forever with fire and brimstone. Can this be the character of a good Deity? Is this the God of the Scriptures? Are men to be made miserable to all eternity for not believing what they never heard of,—what they never had an opportunity to believe? Is this reasonable—is it merciful—is it just? We know it is neither. Then it cannot be true. We know it is impossible it should be true. But this doctrine must necessarily be maintained, agreeably to the system of preaching at home. For if we say there is such a place as an endless hell, and that all who do not believe so and so, and experience certain mental exercises, must suffer its pains, consistency requires that, when we look across the waters, we must apply it to the heathen as well as to the civilized nations. It is an old saying, that what proves too much, proves nothing. It is so with this system. It proves too much, and therefore proves itself false; for it proves that God will make millions of his creatures infinitely miserable to all eternity simply because he never informed them of the way to escape his wrath, as they never had the opportunity of preparing to avert their fate. Such a position is too horrible for a rational man to believe. The whole system then, which teaches it, is too irrational to be credited. It cannot be true.

We would not be understood by these remarks, that we are opposed to sending missionaries to the heathen. On the contrary, our philanthropy makes us most earnestly desire that they should be blest with the light of the glorious gospel of the blessed God, and willing to sacrifice not a little towards promoting this object. But we do object to the doctrine in which modern missions are founded, and to the sentiments which are carried to them as the principles of the Gospel. We do not believe Calvinism, or any other partial system, has done, or ever will do good amongst the heathen. They may it is true take from them their false gods, but they substitute in their stead

a character for the true God which for cruelty infinitely surpasses any of the cruel notions of the heathen. If we may credit the history of missions for the last fifty years, the amount of real good produced by the operations of missionaries is miserably small, and to our mind the reason is obvious. Let Christian ministers visit pagan nations and proclaim the true character of the One living and true God, let them teach the people the benevolence of his nature, and assure them that he is "the Father of the spirits of all flesh," let them set forth the doctrines of the Gospel in all their original simplicity and beauty, and make known to the people, that God has given Christ "the heathen for his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession;" let them encourage them by the hopes of heaven, rather than drive them by the fears of hell, and we doubt not missionaries would soon have a new and different story to tell of the success of their operations, than they have heretofore told.

When the first Christian preachers went forth amongst the heathen to declare the tidings of the Gospel, what was the tenor of their message? Did Christ tell them the heathen were all going to hell, and they must get forth and get up revivals to save them from the wrath of their heavenly Father? No. Nothing like it. And in the history of their missions as recorded in the book of Acts, do we find that the apostles labored to convince people of the existence of a hell and of the truth of eternal misery beyond the grave? No, indeed. So far from it, that never in a single case did they mention such a word as hell, or otherwise inform the people of the existence of such a place. Look through the Acts, and you will find our statement correct. The word hell was never used by the primitive missionaries. But now, this is the great burden of all professedly Christian preaching!—How have the times changed, and the characters of Christian missionaries altered! Let a book of the Acts of modern missionaries be written, and compared with the Acts of the apostles, and what a striking difference would there be between the two.

THE UNJUST STEWARD.

The following exposition of the parable of the unjust steward is from the pen of Br. C. F. Le Fevre of New York city. We wish to furnish for the benefit of our readers every thing we can which throws light upon the Sacred Scriptures.

"And he had commended the unjust steward, because he had done wisely; for the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light. And I say unto you, Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness; that, when ye fail, they may receive you into everlasting habitations."—Luke xvi: 8, 9.

In commenting on this portion of scripture, we must be indulged in making a few prefatory remarks:

We observe, first, then, that to conclude that the parable does inculcate immoral doctrines, is premature and hasty. It is possible that we, at this period, do not see its proper application. The persons to whom it was addressed might have seen and felt its point; and being connected with circumstances unknown to us, it appears to teach a very different sentiment from what it was undoubtedly designed to convey. While the whole tenor of the teachings of Christ, is in accordance with the perfect principles of equity and truth, it is not to be supposed that he would introduce a parable, the teachings of which would be to subvert those cardinal virtues. If then we cannot satisfactorily explain this parable, it is more reasonable to suppose that the difficulty exists in our ignorance of the peculiar situation of the speaker and his audience, than that he actually advanced a sentiment in direct opposition to his general instruction.

We observe, secondly, that a parable is like a fable. It is not designed to be taken to pieces and the parts examined and applied separately, but the whole is calculated to teach some moral. A good moral may be deduced, though the characters engaged are no wise worthy our imitation. The enquiry then, which the mind should agitate, is—what is the moral which this parable is designed to inculcate?

Keeping those remarks in view, we will now proceed to examine the parable itself. It commences by informing us that a certain rich man had a steward, who was accused of wasting his property. The master calls the steward to him, and tells him of the report which he had heard of his extravagance and demands of him an account of his stewardship; for it was his intention to dismiss him from his service. The steward thus forewarned, resolves in his mind what course he had better adopt in this emergency. He was ashamed to beg for a living, having been in a respectable situation and he could not dig nor labor with his hands, having never been brought up to such employ. He finally concludes to make friends with his master's debtors, that when he should be put out of his stewardship, they will afford him an asylum in their house. For this purpose he summoned them before him, and having ascertained the amount of their debts, he deducts one half or a third, as the case may be, and gives them a receipt in full. Now follows the text: "And the lord, (that is, the master of the steward, and not our Lord as it has sometimes been supposed by inadvertent readers,) commended the unjust steward because he had done wisely for the children of this world, or age, are in their generation, wiser than the children of light." The commendation which was bestowed on the steward by his master was not that he had acted correctly or honestly, but that he had evinced much prudence, or foresight, or policy, in his conduct. He had secured himself friends, who in consideration of the favors they had received from him, would give him a shelter when he should be rejected from his stewardship.

Then follows the moral—men of the world are more careful, sharp-sighted and prudent in securing their interests, than the spiritually minded are in those things which concern their peace.

There is a certain proverb, 'as est ab hoste doceri.' Which is, that 'we should learn wisdom even from an enemy.' In the same manner it is proper from a very bad example to deduce a very profitable and good lesson. If the steward in the parable made an improper use of the goods entrusted to him, but at the same time advanced his immediate interests, it is right that we should exercise his prudence but avoid his knavery. We are commanded to be prudent as serpents, but harmless as doves.—the continuation of the text then tells us, 'to make to ourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, that when we fail, they may receive us into everlasting habitations.' There is nothing more inconsistent than riches, consequently nothing more likely to fail. But we may make such an application of them, while in our possession, that when they do fail us, we shall find friends to offer us a refuge and support. To accomplish this object we must be liberal and generous. Let us expend our wealth in objects of benevolence and in promoting laudable and useful objects, so that when 'riches take wings and flee away' we may find in the public that assistance and commiseration which will protect us from want and neglect.

The conclusion of the parable teaches us to be faithful in that which is committed to our care, whether the talents be of gold or the more valuable acquisitions of the mind. 'He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much; and he that is unjust in the least, is unjust also in much; if therefore ye have been faithful in the unrighteous mammon, who will commit to your trust the true riches?' And if ye have not been faithful in that which is another's, who shall give you that which is your own? No servant can serve two masters, for either he will hate the one and love the other, or else he will hold to the one and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon.'

NEW MEETING-HOUSE.

The friends of Gospel truth, particularly in this State, will we doubt not, be pleased to learn that the frame of a Universalist Church was raised in Augusta a week ago yesterday, the 30th ult. It is highly important, not only for the cause of truth in that place, but for its prosperity abroad, and for the public accommodation (Augusta being the seat of Government,) that there should be such a Church in town, and we can but rejoice most sincerely in this matter. By the exception, perhaps, of Rev. Mr. Tappan's Meeting-house, — a very large building — there is not so good a frame of an house for public worship in town — we doubt whether there is a better one in the State. It certainly does great credit to the draftsman and the workmen who put it together. The foundation too is excellent — it could not be better; being constructed in the most faithful manner with the best and fairest of our widely celebrated Keenebec granite. On the whole the stability of the foundation, and the strength of the superstructure, well fortified and supported on every point, is just what the frame of a Universalist Church ought to be to correspond with the foundation and system of Christian truth as held by Universalists.

The building is not large — but large enough. In length, including the projection, it is sixty-five feet, by, we believe, forty-five feet wide. It is mainly in the modern style, with some improvements, twenty feet in height, and will have a tower and spire nearly an hundred feet high. The location is good, having a southern front on an elevated and dry site, at the corner of Court and Pleasant streets, within a few rods of Winthrop and State streets, and near the Court Houses.

On the morning of the raising, (which proved to be a pleasant day,) and before commencing operations, the workmen and friends assembled upon the flooring of the house where for the first time upon that consecrated place, the Editor delivered a brief address in reference to the occasion. These services being over, under the direction of the foreman, the interesting and somewhat hazardous business of the day commenced by rearing the broad-sides. Every thing proceeded with perfect order, quietness and regularity, till before the sun had withdrawn his joy inspiring beams at night, "the topstone" was brought forth with joy, and every heart, we dare say, felt a sensation of gratitude in view of the success of the day. It was a great task to raise so large a building, with so much framing in the work, in a single day. Such a circumstance never before took place in town. But the whole work (with the exception of certain light timbering, which is usually left for the workmen to complete at their leisure,) was accomplished in a single day, and this without the slightest disturbance or accident. The workmen volunteered their services, and labored gratuitously — a circumstance entitled to special thanks, as gratuitous services on such occasions have not been customary heretofore. And we were pleased to notice amongst the gentlemen who assisted in the work, several not of our communion. — Their liberality and friendship are to be remembered.

One circumstance more, we think, is entitled to remark. No ardent spirits were furnished to the hands, or were on the ground. The building was raised without

any intoxicating drink. The same remark can hardly be made of the raising of any one of the meeting-houses in town. This was not an arrangement made in conformity with any previous design or request, but was a necessary one resulting from the indisposition of the workmen to partake of ardent spirits. We take no great credit for this circumstance, but mention it in the hope that hereafter we may not always, as a body, be classed with drunkards, and the more dissolute portions of society. There were nearly an hundred men engaged in the erection of the building, and seldom is there seen a more orderly, sober and respectable body of citizens assembled than was to be seen at the raising of the first Universalist Church in Augusta.

AGENCY AND ACCOUNTABILITY.

There are not many men who have more carefully investigated the subject, or can write a better article on the metaphysical niceties of free will and necessity than Dr. Russell Streeter, formerly of Portland, now of Woodstock, Vt. The following is from his pen, communicated for the Universalist Watchman. It is an able argument. We ask our readers to pursue the train of thought which he has introduced.

Mr. Editor — Looking for a charitable construction on my remarks, from your readers, I will briefly explain the grounds, upon which those doctrines harmonize, according to my understanding of them.

The force of the objection may be seen in the following question: How can the Almighty make all mankind obedient to his law and reconcile them to his own holy nature, without doing violence to human agency? It is contended that submission or obedience to the law of God, (if such it may be called,) which is against the will, would not be acceptable to a holy Being. All piety or holiness in men, is that, which is free and voluntary.

To such reasoning, I am not about to object; but shall meet the main question, upon these very principles, and show that it proposes no serious and solid objection to the final bliss of mankind.

When the Creator endowed his intelligent offspring with abilities and faculties, rendering them accountable to him, he must have had, also in view, their final destiny; and the agency which each one possessed, must have had special reference to the determinate pleasure and purpose of God, in giving him existence. To suppose that the Deity had no ultimate object in view, when he determined that man should exist, is to reverence in a high degree; to suppose he gave man an agency which would frustrate divine purpose, would be blasphemous; therefore, to conclude that human agency is wisely interwoven in the system of the divine economy, and will ultimately prove conducive to the benevolent purpose of God, in the creation and destination of man, is reasonable and unavoidable. The proper question, then, is, Did Jehovah intend to render all men gainers, by their existence, or did he mean to make some of them endlessly miserable? If God was disposed to make all men finally happy, he certainly would do it, in a way, not to infringe on their agency; but if he was not so disposed, then common sense teaches, that he would give to those, whom he predestinated to final misery, any powers, by which they possibly could be, forever happy.

But I am surprised that those people who profess to believe, that God does, by a supernatural operation upon the hearts and minds of his chosen people, instantly convert them from rebellion to obedience, without violating their agency, should still pretend that the same infinite Being could not, if so disposed, convert and save all who rebels, in a similar manner, and yet, not take away their agency. If no violence has been done to the moral capacities of all who have already been reconciled to God, by having a new heart and disposition given them, neither would any be done to the rest of mankind, were they all sanctified and saved by the same Almighty Spirit.

If our opposers will allow themselves to reason candidly on this subject, I am convinced they would discover that the very same objections might be urged against them, which they prefer against the final restoration. When God declares, "I will have every knee shall bow," what difference can it make, as to the agency of the creature, whether he meant to include all mankind or a part of them? Certainly none. For if it would infringe on the agency of men, collectively, for God to make them bow to him, then, of course, it would be an equal infringement upon such agency, for any part of them to fall prostrate before God. But God produces this prostration each one, and consequently, in all, through the media of those faculties, capacities or privileges by which they are constituted moral agents. On this scheme our accountability evinces the divine wisdom and benevolence; because all motives, persuasions, admonitions, corrections and chastisements are so calculated as to have a proper bearing upon the merciful design of God, in conferring existence.

We read in the good Book, that "God will have all men to be saved." Now, ask — What advantage would an object obtain, by limiting the phrase "all men" to barely one half of all mankind? Could he explain to unbiased reason the ground upon which that half could be converted and overcome by grace divine, so as to be prisoners of mercy, and yet act freely and voluntarily, but that the other half of the same intelligent family, could not be saved and saved, without destroying the proper agency? Impossible.

Jesus Christ came to save sinners; not to do violence to any faculties which they possess. And that must be new indeed, which would prove that the nature of his converts, would alter the nature of the process by which they were renewed and saved.

A good name is better than precious ointment; and the day of death than the day of one's birth. — Ecclesiastes vii. 1.

A CANDID MAN.

Universalists and other liberal christians not unfrequently subscribe for papers of opposite sentiments, in order that they may hear both sides and then judge concerning truth; but it is so seldom that we have known a similar course pursued by persons known to our sentiments that really (begging the pardon of the writer) we are disposed to give below the copy of a letter received a few days since from a gentleman in one of our eastern towns. The writer shows the spirit of candor, and a desire to establish himself in the truth. We thank him for his subscription to our paper, and whilst we trust he will exercise the spirit of indulgence towards our imperfections, and consider, in our behalf, the various duties and the various sorts of articles which are expected of an editor. We hope ever to evince the spirit of the gospel of love; but may sometimes err from our course through the numberless provocations which tempt the flesh.

—, April 26, 1835.

My Dear Sir,

Will you please to accept the enclosed two dollars, and send me the Christian Intelligencer one year from the first of May next?

I make this request, not because I am a Universalist, but, having just subscribed for the Morning Star, (a Freewill Baptist paper) I wish to take your paper also, that I may read both sides, and then judge.

I have no doubt but that the truth is somewhere between you and the editor of the Star. Now I know of no better way for me to become fully persuaded in my own mind, than carefully to examine the arguments exhibited, and the spirit manifested by each, and then compare them with the writings and spirit of the Sacred Scriptures, according to the best of my abilities.

And I do most earnestly pray that I may be able to seek for truth, without being influenced by prejudice, for candor becometh the human mind forever, and he who judgeth a matter before he heareth or understandeth it, sustains the character of Solomon's fool.

BOSTON AND VICINITY.

Universalism is strong in Boston and vicinity. In that city there are four Societies; in Cambridge, one; in Roxbury, one; in Dorchester, one; in Charlestown, one; in Malden, one; in Lynn, one; in Salem, one; in Danvers, two; in Gloucester, three or four; in Quincy, one; &c. &c. In Boston there are three Universalist papers, all zealously maintaining the doctrine of Universal salvation, viz. "Trumpet and Magazine," the "Independent Messenger," and the "Universalist and Ladies Repository." We call the Messenger a Universalist paper, because it teaches the doctrine of Universal salvation. This is Universalism, and all who maintain it are Universalists. With regard to the new meaning which the Messenger and that authority alone, has been trying to fix upon the word Universalist, we feel ourselves under no special obligations to adopt it. We wish to call things by their right names.

AN OLD UNIVERSALIST.

Can the reader tell who the "old Universalist" is, described in the following article by Br. A. C. Thomas of Philadelphia? — Doubtless he is an heretic still, for he has not altered his character since he first began to show forth the goodness of God. Is it not a matter of wonder, that the Pope has not excommunicated and anathematized him before this?

I know not precisely when nor where the subject of this sketch was born, and I choose to omit the reasons which induce me to conceal his name. I value him chiefly for his "works sake," for his excellent example, for the unvarying benevolence he has ever displayed; and deem it inexpedient to notice particulars of minor importance, at present.

He is a practical Universalist. With speculative religion he has nothing to do. — His religion consists in "doing good." His example has frequently brought to remembrance the exhortation of Jesus, "let your light shine before men." I see him almost every day, and whenever I see him he is doing good. I have witnessed his good works times without number, and have thus been conscious, been led to glorify our Father in heaven.

His benevolence is not confined to any sect or party within the sphere of his influence. It is withheld from none — it is freely, and without price, extended to all, according to the wants and necessities of each. The "evil and the good" are alike the objects of his benevolence. With him "there is no respect of persons." The "righteousness of the righteous" does not induce his blessing — the "wickedness of the wicked" does not prevent the extension of his favor. Forgetfulness of his benevolent regard has never produced a cessation of his kindness, nor has ingratitude ever been known to cool his ardent disposition to do good.

I do not affirm that he is perfect, in the highest sense of the word — for perfection, strictly speaking, belongs to God alone. — Close examination has discovered some dark spots on his character — but they are scarcely discernible amid the splendor of his valuable qualities; and it is believed they do not materially impair his usefulness.

I have called him "an old Universalist." He was born before "Enoch walked with God" — but he evinces none of the signs of old age. Time on him has no effect. He retains his original vigor, and with it his unvarying and impartial benevolence.

He is possessed of the wisdom that is from above "full of mercy and good fruits without partiality, and without hypocrisy," and so strong a resemblance has he been supposed

to bear to the "Father of lights and mercies," that multitudes in former ages bowed down and worshipped him.

He was referred to by a holy man of old as at once a proof and illustration of the universal, impartial love of Deity; and so fully emblematic of that holy man he was deemed by prophetic inspiration, as to furnish a most striking and appropriate appellation of the "Lord our righteousness."

He was a silent witness of the miracles of mercy performed by our Savior; beheld the Messiah crowned with thorns; saw the "man of sorrows" journeying to Calvary; — and it is recorded that he hid his face when Jesus expired on the cross.

Who is this old Universalist? A. C. T. Philadelphia.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER.

We take the liberty to make the following extract of a letter from Br. Luke P. Rand, dated Farmington Falls, April 30. Br. Rand has for some time past been travelling and preaching in New Hampshire and Vermont, but has returned to Maine, and will probably preach a portion of the time in New Sharon and vicinity, the coming season.

"I have never seen any time that called for the exertions of the friends of our cause more than the present. Our opposing brethren spare no pains in building up their cause and in endeavoring to destroy what I believe to be the cause of genuine Gospel truth. And I must say, the most successful measures now resorted to for this purpose are misrepresentation; for if our opposers will hold up our doctrine as it is, and our arguments in support of it as they are, we have nothing to fear. But truth is great, and I believe will prevail. The doctrine of the ultimate salvation of all the family of man, is reasonable, consistent, and in accordance with all the best feelings of the human heart. And thousands are becoming acquainted with it. All which is wanted is light on the subject. When people become acquainted with the doctrine, and behold its fair proportions — how it accords with the benevolence of the Deity and his holy will, and how it satisfies the wants of every truly christian heart, — they will and must embrace it. I do hope that the doctrine of Christ will be preached in its purity, and that the nations of the earth will be enlightened with the true light. But for one, I can only do my duty as I understand it, in the fear of the Lord, and trust in the God of the armies of Israel for carrying on his work as it may please him.

May the God of heaven build us up in every good word and work [Amen, Ed.] and may the heralds of truth be prospered and come off conquerors and more than conquerors through him that gave himself for us."

POWER OF GOD.

Br. Adams of the Concord Star, abounds in short sensible articles touching religious faith and practice. Take the following. We do not suppose that the power of God will be exerted to secure the salvation of his creatures in opposition to his wisdom, justice, or any of the means of moral improvement, which he has established in the earth — but consistently with all these. — Surely he cannot have established any laws, physical or moral, which will defeat his will; but through those laws we trust his power will finally be seen and felt in the willing reconciliation of all things to Him.

"The question has been often asked how all men can be saved, since sin and wickedness so much abound in the world? How much real weight is this question entitled to? This orderly creation which we behold was once without form and void; and darkness covered the face of the deep. But God said "let there be light, and there was light." How was this performed? We answer — by the power of God. He "commanded light to shine out of darkness," and his command was obeyed.

Now think seriously. Cannot he who has done all this, spread abroad the knowledge of his love to the ends of the earth? Is his power insufficient for this? You cannot answer, nay! Then be consistent — and remember, whenever you think that if you possessed the power, you would banish sin from the universe — that God has all power, and will in his own due time, bring about this desirable end."

BUCKSPORT.

From a worthy brother in Bucksport, we learn that the cause of truth is in a prosperous condition in Bucksport, where our devoted brother Fulmer is located. The Society maintains its meetings every Sabbath. In the absence of Br. F. who preaches a part of the time in other places, the brethren meet regularly for instruction and praise, when appropriate Sermons are read, and other exercises had. This is the true course for a Society to take if it would enjoy a permanent prosperity.

DRESS OF MIND.

On Sunday morning before going to church, what a dressing there is among all classes, and what a stir to appear gay and pleasing. It is quite sufficient for the great purpose of our existence to wash the outside of the platter. Curls may be arranged, fine tortoise shell combs fixed, sparkling earrings hung, splendid garments displayed, and yet the gay fair one's mind may be poisoned with conceit, troubled with rivalry and kept on the torture by ignorance and vanity. Windsor soap does not wash out stains of the heart, nor can Cologne water throw a fragrance over an impure mind.

CATHOLIC MISSIONARIES. — It has been ascertained from the official records of the Custom houses, as we are informed, that upwards of six hundred Roman Catholic Missionaries have arrived in the United States within the last twelve months.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

— "And catch the manners living as they rise." —

GARDINER, MAY 8, 1835.

ACCIDENT. — A boy about 12 years of age, son of Mr. Benjamin Weymouth, while about to examine a pistol with which his playmates were amusing themselves, was shot in the breast, the ball with which it was loaded passing between the fifth and sixth ribs was removed from under the interior portion of the shoulder blade. He is now recovering from the effects of the wound.

Important Invention. — Gideon Hotchkiss, Esq., of Windsor, Broome Co. New York, heretofore favorably known as one of the most ingenious mechanics of the State, has invented a new species of re-action Water wheel, for which he has obtained a patent; and which bids fair, we are assured, to out-rival all other machinery of the kind heretofore in use. It is small in size, runs vertically, entirely under water, and proves to be not only well adapted to machinery in general, but particularly to Saw-mills. In its application to saw-mills, it combines all the advantages of the geared re-action wheel, and yet is more simple and permanent than the latter-wheel. The whole propelling power is obtained without either cogs or straps, and being under water, is neither liable to decay, to be destroyed by fire, or obstructed by ice. Mr. Hotchkiss' Mills are cheap in construction, and possess advantages so obvious, separate from the saving of expense, that mill owners where they are known, upon the Susquehanna, Delaware, Alleghany, and the neighboring small streams, are already engaged in tearing out their old machinery, and introducing them. — Broome County Courier.

Worsted. — We are informed that the new Worsted Manufactory at Lowell, — the only one in this country, — which has recently gone into operation, possesses great advantages over the English Factory for the production of Worsted Goods. The machinery is so constructed as to make a great saving of labor at the same time that it makes a better fabric. — Whig.

Wool. — There was imported into the port of Boston during the year 1834, three million five hundred and fifteen thousand pounds of wool, that cost less than eight cents per pound, and free of duty — one hundred thirty three thousand nine hundred pounds, costing over eight cents per pound, and dutiable. — Morning Post.

One of the best external applications for many eruptive diseases of the skin, is a strong decoction of hops, in which the limbs or other affected parts are to be bathed several times a day. The decoction should not be used until it has become perfectly cold. In bad ulcers of the leg, the most satisfactory results have been repeatedly realized from this simple preparation.

Medical Intelligence.

Mariner's Compass. — A correspondent from East Bridgewater, (Mr. Samuel Rodgers,) has sent us a specimen of a temporary compass to be used at sea, in case of accidental loss of compass. It may be made in this manner: — Take a piece of steel wire — a sail needle will do, after the point and eye are broken off; hold the middle of it over a lamp, till the temper is taken out; it then should be flattened a little in the middle, and a puncture made to keep it steady on the pivot; it should be bent a little in the middle so as to admit of its being balanced by its own gravity; charge it with magnetism in the usual manner; poise it on the point of a common needle, and it will traverse freely, and point to the North.

An Important Discovery. — A surgeon of Gottingen has just discovered a complete antidote to arsenic. It is peroxide (or red oxide) of iron, twelve parts of which neutralize one of oxide of arsenic. The following is the statement as given: —

"The French papers state that a surgeon of Gottingen has just discovered that the peroxide of iron is a powerful antidote to arsenic. Twelve parts of hydrate of peroxide of iron are necessary to neutralize completely one part of oxide of arsenic. It is prepared by pouring nitric acid into a very pure solution of sulphate of iron, precipitated by ammonia and well washed. Experiments with this antidote have been tried upon rabbits and other animals with complete success. One advantage of it is, that no injury can be done by too large a dose. In cases where great quantities of arsenic have been taken it has been found useful first to encourage vomiting."

Boston and Worcester Railroad. — The amount of receipts during the month of April, 1835, for conveyance of passengers and freight on this Railroad, which is now open from Boston to Westborough, was as follows:

For 5732 passengers	\$4532 80
For 995 1-2 tons of freight	2142 80
Total	\$6675 10

Bank of Newfoundland. — The banks extend over a space of 40,000 miles, and are from 30 to 45 fathoms below the surface of the ocean. The shoals are inhabited by innumerable tribes of muscles and clams, to which it is a favorite residence, as they can easily bury their shells in the soft sand. They have enemies to contend with. The cod fish resort to this coast to prey on them. They keep a constant watch, and swim about a foot above the submarine sands. When a muscle opens its shell, it is immediately seized and devoured. At other times the fish do not wait. They are provided with a horny protuberance round their mouths, with which they burrow in the sand, and capture the muscle in his shell. The fishermen of various nations, French, English and Americans, who resort to these banks, take annually from 8 to 10,000,000 of fish. On opening them, they find the remains of 20 or 50 muscles in each. Sometimes the muscle shells are found either wholly or partially dissolved. The first care of the fishermen after taking their stations, is, to ascertain the depth of water. The lines must be regarded so as to lie on the bottom, where the fish are always engaged in this species of submarine war.

Another Revolution in Mexico. — The ship Congress, at New York, 18 days from Vera Cruz, reports that a revolution had just broken out, and four States had already pronounced Gen. Santa Anna's acts illegal, and declared in favor of the Vice President, Don Gomez Farias. The Congress sailed on the day the news was received at Vera Cruz, and from the state of things at that time, it was feared there would be a bloody war. At the date of the latest advices, four of the principal States — Zacatecas, San Luis, Morelia and Durango — had joined the insurrection. The President, Santa Anna, who had been rusticating at his farm in the country, set out on the morning of the 6th for the capital, where great excitement prevailed among his partisans; and it was feared that another revolutionary movement would be made by the garrison of the city, consisting of 2000 men. The town of Texca where Gen. Alvarez, (the chief conspirator,) dates his plan, is in the southern part of Mexico, on the coast of the Pacific, and not far from the port of Acapulco. It is a melancholy thing that a country so rich and beautiful as New Spain, should be continually distracted with these harassing internal commotions.

Bogota, March 20, 1835. On the 23d January last, from 1 o'clock till 8 in the morning, a noise like the firing of artillery and musketry (produced by the bursting of meteors in the sky) was heard all over New Granada and the Ecuador, from Santa Martha and Carthagena to Quito. The villages round Bogota were in arms next day, expecting that a revolution had taken place but a few days restored tranquility. This natural phenomenon is equal to the 13th of November, 1833, in the United States, although not much is said about it, as the newspapers here do not notice these things. New York Commercial Advertiser.

Advertising. — No wonder the New York papers thrive so handsomely — they each contain every day two or three hundred advertisements. Persons who have their interest at heart will not begrudge the trifling sum which an advertisement may cost — it not only brings merchants, tradesmen, mechanics, &c. into public notice and procures them business, but gives a thriving appearance to the place, and tells the world that we are 'up and doing.'

Portrait of a French Exquisite. — I shall not speedily forget the first time I had the honor of seeing Monsieur Vaurien. A sharp hook nose, and a jaw of more than ordinary dimensions — a face long and lean, and a complexion so cadaverous that it seemed a reflection from the pale flag of death, bespoke the Frenchman. His shoulders rose on each wing of him to a level with his mouth, overlooking his person like promontories, from whence his arms "hung clattering" like the handles of an old fashioned pump. He was in full dress for a village ball, and was remarkable for singularity rather than the taste of his costume. His coat was of the genuine Pomona green, with a collar reaching to the crown of his head. His waistcoat was white, and studied with three rows of small yellow buttons. Canary small clothes (horresco referens) with flesh colored stockings decorated the "trifles" upon which he stood, and a pump which might have emulated a vice, developed the corns and bunions on his foot to exquisite advantage. His cravat, which at least he took an hour to adjust, was fastened in the centre with a yellow cornelian, and beneath it a waving banner of frill sported in the wanton zephyrs. A silver eye glass, with a red ribbon, white kid gloves, and a cue long enough for a billiard-player — the portrait is complete. — A Tale of the Western Border.

NOTICE TO MARINERS.

Collector's Office,
District of Portland and Falmouth,
Portland April 8, 1835.
The Light House Towers at Pond Island and Pemaquid Point, in the State of Maine, being about to be rebuilt; — Notice is hereby given, that the Light will be extinguished on Pond Island, on the first day of May next; and at Pemaquid Point, on the first day of June next. Notice will hereafter be given, when the Light Houses will again be lighted.
JOHN CHANDLER,
Collector, and Superintendent of Light Houses in Maine.

Appointment.

Br. Ebenezer Stevens of Montville appoints to preach in Albion on the 3d Sunday in May, — text, Joshua vi. 4, and in Montville (South) Free meeting house on the Sabbath following, being the 4th Sunday in this month. Text, Matt. iii. 10.
Br. L. P. Rand will preach at Farmington Falls on the 2d Sunday in May; and in the Court House, Norridgewock (by request,) on the 3d Sunday in this month.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

A Prime assortment Ladies' KID and PRUNELLA SHOES — GAITER BOOTS; Misses' and Children's KID, PRUNELLA and LEATHER SHOES: Gentlemen's MOROCCO and HORSE-HIDE BOOTS.

— ALSO —
Gentlemen's superior Calf-Skin Boots and Shoes Manufactured by Mr. SAMUEL HALE, For sale by CHARLES TARBELL.

THE TICONIC.

Capt. WM. E. HARRIMAN.
HAVING been put in complete order, will run during the present season, when the water is sufficiently high between
WATERVILLE and BATH.

Leave WATERVILLE every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning at 8 o'clock.
Leave BATH every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday morning at 7 o'clock.

FARE.
From Waterville to Augusta, 75 cts.
" " " " " " 87 1-2
" " " " " " 1 00
" " " " " " 1 50
" " " " " " 2 00
Intermediate places in proportion.

When the water is too low for the Ticonic to go to Waterville, she will run between AUGUSTA and BATH every day (Sundays excepted) at the same rates of Fare.
Freight taken at the usual rates.
Apply to the Master on board, or to Capt. DAN'L PAINE, Waterville — B. HODGES, Augusta — WM. TODD, Hallowell — A. T. PERKINS, Gardiner — GEO. RICKER, Bath.
Gardiner, April 24, 1835.

CHARLES H. PARTRIDGE, TAILOR.

WOULD respectfully inform the citizens of Gardiner and vicinity that he has taken the shop opposite C. Sager's Hotel, where he intends carrying on the Tailoring Business in all its branches. He flatters himself that by constant attention to the business, he may share a part of the public patronage. Particular attention will be paid to Cutting. Gardiner, April 11, 1835. 16 Sm

A PRIME Assortment STAPLE & FANCY DRY GOODS Just received and for Sale by CHAS. TARBELL.

TO OWNERS OF LOGS IN THE KENNEBEC RIVER OR ITS TRIBUTARIES.

AT the late session of the Maine Legislature an Act was passed establishing a Corporation by the title of the "Kennebec Log Driving Company." The object for which this Company was incorporated is to drive from the Forks to the Booms in Gardiner, or such intermediate place as the owners may wish, the logs and other timber which may yearly be put into the Kennebec river by the members of the Corporation.

The Act provides that the officers of the Corporation shall be a Moderator, Clerk, Treasurer, and five Directors to be chosen annually. The Directors appoint a Master Driver and have the general direction of all the business pertaining to driving the River and apportioning the expenses upon the several owners. All logs in said River not marked, usually denominated "prize logs," are made the property of the Corporation. The expenses of driving the logs are to be equally assessed upon the logs of each member in proportion to the quantity driven to the place of destination. It is made the duty of each member to file with the Clerk in writing, on or before the tenth day of June in each year, a statement under oath of the number of feet board measure, of his logs intended to be drove down the river, and also of the marks put on said logs. And also a like statement of the number of feet actually driven to the places of destination. The Act provides that the first meeting should be held in Gardiner on the 27th March inst., and agreeably to that provision a meeting was then and there held and the Corporation organized. — The Act of Incorporation accepted — a code of By-laws adopted, and the officers for the ensuing year were chosen. Parker Sheldon of Gardiner, was elected Moderator; Daniel Nutting of Gardiner, Clerk; Hiram Stevens of Fittston, Treasurer; and David Scribner, of Topsham, Geo. W. King of Portland, Henry Bowman of Gardiner, Josiah H. Hobbs of Waterville and Samuel Weston of Millburn, Directors.

By the provisions of the By-laws any owner of logs or other timber in Kennebec River or its tributaries, may become a member of the Corporation, by leaving a written request to that effect with the Clerk of the Corporation, and may at any time withdraw from the Corporation by leaving a like request with the Clerk, and previously paying all debts and assessments due from him to the Corporation.

Printed copies of the Act of Incorporation and of the By-laws may be had on application to the Clerk of the Company.

All persons desirous of becoming members and thus availing themselves of the benefits of the Act, are respectfully requested to leave their names with the Clerk, together with a description of their respective marks or marks, as soon as conveniently may be, as it is essential that speedy arrangements should be made for driving.

By a vote of the Corporation, the Moderator was directed to prepare and publish the foregoing notice. P. SHELDON, Moderator. Gardiner, March 28th, 1835.

THE NEW-YORKER.

ON Saturday the 21st of March, was issued the first number of the second volume of THE NEW-YORKER; this paper will continue to preserve the general character which has thus far secured it the approval of a steadily and rapidly increasing patronage, and a popularity commensurate with the sphere of its circulation. The peculiarities of its plan were adopted after much reflection; and we have not learned that its prominent features have failed in a single point to receive the approbation of its patrons and the public. The paper will continue to be arranged as follows:

I. Literary Department — Embracing the whole of the form of the paper, and presenting twelve original columns of Reviews of New Publications, Original and Selected Tales, Essays, Poems, Anecdotes, &c. The original contributions to this department are regularly and promptly paid for; and in addition to the many writers who have favored us with articles during the last year, and whose essays will continue to enrich our columns, we have the promise of assistance from others whose names are already well known to our countrymen. We do not parade these names as the fashion of some; but we confidently appeal to the experience of the past year as affording an earnest of our zealous, untiring, and we trust successful, exertions to render the literary character of the New-Yorker interior to that of no journal of its class in this country.

II. Political Intelligence. — In this department alone does the New-Yorker present an anomaly in the history of the newspaper press of the Union. Our plan embraces the collection of every important item of political intelligence — what ever be its character and bearing — in the language of historical record, and with the strictest regard to the preservation of an unquestioned neutrality between the contending parties, opinions and sectional divisions existing in the country. The Editor refers with a prompt satisfaction to the fact, that throughout the past year, he has presented a minute and circumstantial account of all the elections which have taken place in the several States during an eminently ardent and excited canvass, without once incurring the censure or even the exception of any political journal. And, while he reserves to himself the right of commenting briefly but freely on the topics of the day, and of offering such suggestions as the aspects of the times may seem to require, he yet holds himself pledged that such remarks shall not interfere, in any material degree, with the views, the doctrine or the prospects of any political party. He cherishes the prospect of a confident expectation, that the New-Yorker will hereafter be referred to for the truth of any controverted statement regarding the results of elections, &c. &c. since its establishment, with mutual deference and with entire conviction of absolute certainty.

III. General Intelligence. — Consisting of Foreign and Domestic News, Literary Items, Statistics, Brief Notices of the Drama, &c.

However it may be the fortune or others to obtain the confidence and patronage of the public, on the credit of prospective improvements and future excellence, the publishers are content to rest their claims to public consideration distinctly on what they have already accomplished, and respectfully invite the patron of American literature to examine their journal and judge what it will be from what it is.

When it is considered that no periodical of like character for originality and variety of literary contents, comprehensiveness of plan, and the amount of matter weekly presented, has ever been attempted in this country at a less price than three to five dollars per annum, the publishers trust they will not be deemed presumptuous in expressing the hope that their journal will attract the attention, even if it should not secure the favor, of the patrons of American literature. H. GREELY & Co. Office No. 20 Nassau-st. New York.

CONDITIONS.

The NEW-YORKER will be published every Saturday morning on a large imperial sheet of the best quality, and afforded to patrons in city or country, at TWO DOLLARS per annum payable in advance. When, from peculiar circumstances, payment is delayed till the expiration of the quarter, fifty cents will be added. Any person remitting ten dollars free of charge to us, shall receive six copies for one year, and in the same proportion for a larger number. Post Masters and others are respectfully requested to interest themselves in our behalf, with the assurance that the best possible terms will be afforded them. March, 1835.

offered low to close a concern. For further particulars apply to JAMES G. DONNELL of Gardiner, Me., where said Machines may be seen, or by letter to the subscriber in Boston, Mass.